Enter Capulet, *County* Paris, *and the Clowne.*

Cap. And *Mountague* is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike, and 'tis not hard, I thinke,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.
Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both,
And pitie 'tis you liv'd at ods so long;
But now my Lord what say you to my suite?
Cap. But saying o're what I have said before:
My childe is yet a stranger in the world,
Shee hath not seene the change of fourteene yeeres:
Let two more Summers wither in their pride
Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a Bride.
Paris. Younger than she are happy mothers made.
Cap. And too soone mar'd are those so early made:
The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
She is the hopefull Lady of my earth:
But wooe her gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part:
And she agree, within her scope of choice
Lyes my consent, and faire according voice.
This night I hold an old accustomed feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love, and you among the store,
One more (most welcome) makes my number more:
At my poore house looke to behold this night,
Earth treading starres, that make darke heaven light:
Such comfort as doe lusty young men feele,
When well apparelled *April* on the heele
Of limping winter treads; even such delight
Among fresh Fennell buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house, heare all, all see,
And like her most whose merit most shall be:
Which on more view of many, mine being one,
May stand in number, though in reckning none.
Come, goe with me; goe sirrah, trudge about,
Through faire *Verona*, finde those persons out,
Whose names are written there, and to them say,

My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

Ser. Find them out whose names are written. Here it i
ten, that the shoo-maker should meddle with his yard, a
rayler with his Last, the fisher with his pensill, and the
with his nets. But I am sent to finde those persons whose
are here writ, and can never find what names the writing
hath here writ (I must to the learned) in good time.

Enter Benvolio *and* Romeo.

Ben. Tut man, one fire burnes out anothers burning.
One paine is lesned by anothers anguish:
Turne giddy, and be holpe by backward turning,
One desperate griefe cures with anothers languish:
Take thou some new infection to the eye,
And the ranke poyson of the old will dye.
Rom. Your Plantan leafe is excellent for that.
Ben. For what I pray thee?
Rom. For your broken shin.
Ben. Why *Romeo* art thou mad?
Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a mad man is,
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipt and tormented, and Godden good fellow.
Ser. Godgigoden, I pray sir can you reade?
Rom. I, mine owne fortune in my misery.
Ser. Perhaps you have learned it without booke,
But I pray can you read any thing you see?
Rom. I, if I know the letters and the language.
Ser. Ye say honestly, rest ye merry.
Rom. Stay fellow, I can read.

He reads the Letter.

S*Eigneur* Martino, *and his wife & daughters; County* A
and his beauteous sisters; the Lady widdow of Utruvio
neur Placentio, *and his lovely Neeces;* Mercutio *and his b*
Valentine; *mine uncle* Capulet, *his wife and daughters; m*
Niece Rosaline, Livia; *Seigneur* Valentio, *and his cousin* T
Lucio, *and the lively* Helena.
A faire assembly, whither should they come?